

DIALOGUE

Between a *Yorkshire-Alderman* and *Salamantica-Doctor*, at the Devil by Temple-Bar.

About Swearing.

Doct. **H**OW now Swear apace, how does our noble Knight of the Post?

Ald. How now Lie apace, Vicar of Tyborn & Knight of the noble Order of the Halter, what do you at the Conference?

Doct. Well met noble Sir P. this is fortunate that we should be the first of the Company, now we may consult of an Expedient in our present Exigence.

Ald. If there be any mischief on foot, thou art one of the first that will have a hand in't. The first at the Conference, the first at the Devil, the first in the Plot, and the first in Discovery, the first in Vilany, and I am made the first Example.

Doct. Good Sir, Patience. The Protestant Joynor was prefer'd before you, and the Protestant Cooper to avoid the same Destiny shew'd fair pair of heels, we must have Patience to follow. The way is open, here is no other means left for your deliverances, for if it comes once to the Pillory amongst all your beloved Brethren (for whose Interest you stood with the hazard of your Ears) you will hardly find any that will be so civil as to stand up for you.

Ald. Art thou the Saviour of the Nation, the Defender of our Lives and Liberties, hast thou saved our Necks from the Yoak of Tyranny and Slavery, our Throats from a Popish Dagger, our City from Fire, and our Kingdome from Invasions, and canst thou not save the Remnant of a poor Delinquents Ears? Oh Patience.

Doct. This is your Swearing, oh Patience.

Ald. Swear, if that were a crime where wou'dst thou be exalted?

Doct. Indeed Swearing is but a Venial Sin, as the times go now, but your forswearing, and amongst the Brethren too. *pa, pa.*

Ald. Thon Buggering, Brazen-fac'd, Lanthorn-jaw'd, Tallow-chap't Leviathan, hast thou sworn to many honest people out of their Lives, told so many damnable Lies and Contradictions, and hast thou the Impudence to upbraid me with Swearing? I am beyond all Patience.

Doct. If I Swore and Ly'd to your knowledg I was paid for't, and if I was forsworn a thousand times over, I was never catch't in it.

Ald. Yes in every particular thou Sworst to. In the blindest Labyrinths and darkest windings of the Plot a blind Man may catch thee. Were not you catch'd at Doctors Commons, before the King and Council and House of Lords, in every Examination and in every Paragraff of your Narrative, were you not catch'd in your black Bills and your Pillgrims, wast thou not catch'd in little *Don John* and the Circumcised Parson, and what was your Black Boy *Apple-tree-Will*, Barly Broth, Mum, Chacolat, Order of Magpies, Fire balls of Sheeps Fat, Tormentillios and *Tewsbury Mustard*.

Mustard Balls, but so many Snares to catch credulous Fools, wherein thou wast catch'd thy self at last?

Doct. If I was, I had the Wit or Impudence to stand it out. I was never catch'd by the Ears, for being catch'd in a silly Lie.

Ald. No, thou art Destin'd for another Catch; but I wish I had had no Ears when I first gave Ear to thy cursed Plots and Forgeries, I had not then stood in this danger of loosing them.

Doct. It is but what your folly deserves. Was it not enough that you must stand up for the Cause, and the Brethren, but you must stand up for a Wooden Roof to your Copper Chain, the Pillory even to the hazard of standing upon it, being not only perjur'd for the Brethren, but even to their Eternal shame found guilty of that Perjury. Is this your Patience for the Cause?

Ald. If I am Perjur'd, 'tis upon the Evidence of others, but thou, as if it were not sufficient to beproov'd perjur'd by others, must needs prove perjury upon thy self, by thy own positive Testimony, for abetting many several undeniable perjuries, in the Case of the Jesuits, Wakeman, Marshal, Carter, &c. thou swor'st point blank at *White-Hall*, thou saw'st Mr. *Turner* in a Consult at *Wild-Honse*; and at his Tryal thou swor'st it was at *Fenwicks Chamber*; didst thou not swear at *Colemans Tryal*, thou never saw'st Mr. *Langhorn* after *April 78.* and yet at *Langhorns Tryal*, thou swor'st thou saw'st him Forty times in *July* following, that was a Rapper.

Doct. Did not you swear *Pilk*--- you did not mean the Duke, when you clapt your hand upon his Mouth after he had express'd the words? where was our Patience then?

Ald. Didst thou not swear thou sawest him at *Mais* in *St. Jamess*, through fifteen or sixteen Stone Walls, and as many double Doors, in his own Closet? That was a Swinger.

Doct. Was it not you and your Accomplices that put me upon that Sham to bring him into the Plot? Made me your Hackney to swear and forswear, as the Devil and Money prompted me? Come, come, I have not Patience any longer; if you allow me not my Life-Guard and Pension as formerly, I can turn Car in *Pat* as well as any Whig Poet, and be an Evidence against you, as well as for you.

Ald. Thou hast Sham'd thy own Plots, and outswearing all possibility, art already become an Evidence against thy self.

Doct. Well, well, commend me to *Elkanah*, to take up in time, his Ears had hardly else atton'd for his Popish Successor. He writes a Narrative I hear of a great Citizen is coming over on the same Account, if they have Patience to hear.

Ald. If the Wind be in that Corner, 'tis time for me to tack about for *Holland*, not a Minute longer for my Ears.

Doct. Yet while you have 'em, have Patience to hear me one Word, I have been lately with a Great Man in *Drury-Lane*.

Ald. I understand you, and how, and how goes on the new Plot, I know you are a Brewing.

Doct. I have not been there lately, I never pass by but *Bowman* the Dog has a snap at me by the way. Sometimes they upbraid me with the *Dukes Health*, then out of Derision they cry a *Waller*, a *Waller*, *Pilkington* and *Patience*, then they hang a Halter out of the Window, and bid me remember the Protestant Joyner.

Ald. That same is a Nest of notorious Tories, well, if the Cause had gone on our side, I had made the Dog too hot for their burning of *Shaftsbury*, but we must Pray for *Patience*, and when I am gone, Pray still that the Lord may grant you Patience to go along with you in the great Work. Farewel.

He was no sooner gone but the Company came in, when there began immediately a great contest about setting a new form of Government, the Army and Militia, which being different from that of the *Doctors* former Model in *St. Omers*, had like to have raised the Devil amongst them: but *Shad*--- came in with his Lute, and allayed the Evil Spirit.